

TEXT OF THE CREMATION OF CARE

Adapted by Charles K. Field and Palmer Field

The Sire

Bohemians, by the power of our fellowship, Dull Care is slain. Hearken! High upon the hill you may hear Care's funeral music.

[Tolling of bell and faint, far strains of the Funeral Dirge (Denke). Torches are glimpsed in the distance. Music and light approach.]

The Sire

Behold, the effigy of this, our enemy, is carried hither for our ancient rites.

[Music ceases—drumbeat accompanies the descent of the Cortège. The Cortège passes through the dining circle and down the main aisle as the Band and the effigy of Care proceed down the road to the floor of the Grove. When the Torch Bearers are leaving the Dining Circle, followed by the Old Guard—]

The Sire *announces*

Bohemians, follow to Bohemia's Shrine!

[The Band resumes the Funeral Dirge (Denke). The Band turns into the Traffic Road, where it continues to play; the Spectators pass to their seats opposite the Shrine, through the two columns of Torch Bearers who flank the path to Edwards Road. The Shrine is bathed in the soft, flickering light from the Lamp of Fellowship. The radiance of the rising full moon touches the crown of the Hamadryad's tree. Offstage chorus of woodland voices. The Hamadryad emerges from the bark. Music by Jan Philip Schirhan and W. J. McCoy.]

The HAMADRYAD *singing*

Beauty, and strength and peace,
They are yours; they shall never cease
While the trees are, and the hills.
The stars come in with the night,
And the wind, like a presence, fills
The temple-aisles of the wood;
It is yours, it is good,
It is made for your delight.
Beauty, and strength and peace,
They are here that you find release
From the mournful memories.
Oh, cast your grief to the fire.

And be strong with the holy trees
And the spirit of the Grove.
In your dreams ye shall rove
To the Land of Heart's Desire. (STERLING)

[The Hamadryad retires into the tree. The illumination fades. The Shrine is now in full moonlight. Enter, accompanied by music by Charles Hart, the High Priest, Assisting Priests, and Choristers.]

THE HIGH PRIEST
The Owl is in his leafy temple; let all within the
Grove be reverent before him.
Lift up your heads, O ye Trees, and be ye lift up,
ye ever-living spires. For behold, here is Bohemia's
shrine and holy are the pillars of this house.
Weaving spiders, come not here!

THE HIGH PRIEST *descends to the water's edge.*
Hail Bohemians!
With ripple of waters and the song of birds—
Such music as inspires the sinking soul—
Do we invite you to Midsummer's joy!
The sky above is blue and sown with stars;
The forest floor is heaped with fragrant drift;
Evening's cool kiss is yours, the campfire's glow,
The birth of joyous rosy-fingered dawns!
Shake off your sorrows with the City's dust
And scatter to the winds the cares of life!
(EDWARDS)

SECOND PRIEST
Let memory bring back the well-loved names
Of gallant friends who knew and loved this Grove—
Dear boon companions of the long ago!

THIRD PRIEST
Aye! They shall join us in this ritual
And not a place be empty in our midst!
THE HIGH PRIEST
O Beauty's vassals
Who keep, in this gray autumn of the world,
Her springtime in your hearts,
I charge ye all:

For lasting happiness we lift our eyes
To one alone, and she surrounds you now,
Great Nature, refuge for the weary heart
And only balm for breasts that have been bruised.
Her counsels are most wise.
But ye must come
As children, little children that believe,
Nor ever doubt her beauty or her faith,
Nor dream her tenderness can change or die! (STERLING)

[Soft music by Edward Harris as the High Priest ascends to be invested.]

SECOND PRIEST
Gather, ye forest fold, and cast your spells
Over these mortals.

THIRD PRIEST
Touch their world-blind eyes
With fairy unguents.

SECOND PRIEST
Open their eyes of fancy
And seal the gates of sorrow.

THIRD PRIEST
Dull Care and all his works are but a dream;
As vanished Babylon and goodly Tyre
So they shall vanish.

SECOND PRIEST
But the wilding rose
Blows on the broken battlements of Tyre
And mosses rend the stones of Babylon—

THIRD PRIEST
For Beauty is eternal and we bow
to Beauty everlasting! (IRWIN)

THE HIGH PRIEST
Our funeral pyre awaits the corpse of Care.

[The Barcarolle by Charles Hart. The introductory horn solo comes from the direction of the ferry slip. The ferry of Care, poled by a lone boatman, appears and passes up the lake to the foot of the Shrine. Acolytes await the barge.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

Oh thou, thus ferried 'cross the shadowy tide
In all the ancient majesty of death—
Dull Care, arch-enemy of Beauty; not for thee
The tender tribute and the restful grave,
But fire shall have its will of thee
And all the winds make merry with thy dust! (STERLING)

Bring fire!

[Fanfare of music by Leigh Harline. Enter Torch Bearers. The Acolytes now seize and lift the bier from the barge, hold it high above their heads and bear it in triumph up to the pyre, accompanied by the Choristers. The music is interrupted by peals of thunder and rush of wind. The ensemble stands transfixed with surprise and awe. All lights down, except torches and the Lamp. Care laughs upon the hill. The dead tree is illuminated.]

THE VOICE OF CARE

Fools!Fools!Fools! When will ye learn that me ye cannot slay? Year after year ye burn me in this Grove, lifting your silly shouts of triumph to the stars. But when again ye turn your feet toward the market-place, am I not waiting for you, as of old? Fools! Fools! to dream ye conquer Care!

[The High Priest has come down to the Lake's edge and stands gazing up at the ghostly tree from which the voice of Care has come.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

Nay, thou mocking spirit, it is not all a dream. We know thou waitest for us when this our sylvan holiday shall end. And we shall meet and fight thee as of old, and some of us prevail against thee, and some thou shalt destroy. But this, too, we know: year and after year, within this happy Grove, our fellowship has banned thee for a space, and thy malevolence that would pursue us here has lost its power beneath these friendly trees. So shall we burn thee once again this night and in the flames that eat thine effigy we'll read the sign: Midsummer set us free.

THE VOICE OF CARE

So shall ye burn me once again! Ho, Ho,
Not with these flames which hither ye have
brought.

From regions where I reign!
Ye Priests and fools,
I spit upon your fire!

[Explosions at the Pyre. The torches are instantly extinguished. No light save from the Lamp. Care's laughter fills the darkness. The High Priest kneels and lifts his arms to the Shrine.]

THE HIGH PRIEST

O thou, great symbol of all mortal wisdom,
Owl of Bohemia, we do beseech thee,
Grant us thy counsel!

[The music of the Fire Finale begins, offstage. An aura of light begins to glow about the Owl's head, gradually silhouetting the Colossus.]

THE VOICE OF THE OWL

No fire, if it be kindled from the world
Where Care is nourished on the hates of men
Shall drive him from this Grove.
One flame alone
Must light this pyre, the pure eternal flame
That burns within the Lamp of Fellowship
Upon the altar of Bohemia. (GARTHWAITE)

[High Priest rises and ascends to Lamp of Fellowship.]

HIGH PRIEST

Great Owl of Bohemia, we thank thee for thy adjuration.
[Lights torch and turns toward Pyre.]

Well should we know our living flame
Of Fellowship can sear
The grasping claws of Care,
Throttle his impious screams
And send his cowering carcass
From this Grove.

Begone, detested Care, begone!

Once more we banish thee!

Let the all-potent spirit of this lamp

By its cleansing and ambient fire

Encircle this mystic scene

Hail, Fellowship; begone Dull Care!

Once again Midsummer sets us free! (CASE)

THE SPECIAL VERSION OF THE CREMATION OF CARE, 1956

By Fred O. Harris

The Cremation of Care in 1956 underwent, if that is the right word, considerable variation under the direction of Fred Harris with the valiant support of Arch Monson, Charles Bulotti, Holloway Jones, Donald Tormey, Bob Hildreth, Frank Belcher and Herb Crall. An elegant march composed by Frank Denke replaced the Chopin music, a massive figure of Care in gleaming styrofoam carved by Don Madsen, was carried though the Dining Circle, deposited at the end of the Lake and burned most fiercely at the ceremony's end. The funeral torch-bearers marched entirely around the Lake, the voice of Care was heard from the end of the Lake and the music was recorded.

A lasting consequence of the presentation was the permanent setting of the orchestra in red robes beside the Owl, the Lakeside pathway skirting the service road and the clearing out of secondary growth around Haig Patagian's superb statue. And so good prevails in the end.

PRINCE PHILIP IN THE GROVE

By N. Loyall McLaren

Before leaving London for his visit to California in November 1962, Prince Philip wrote to Jack Merrill, an old friend, and expressed a desire to visit the Bohemian Grove. Jack communicated with me and I invited Jim Black and Charlie Kendrick to join us as co-hosts for a Grove party. I then explained the situation to Arch Monson, the President of the Club and worked out a program with him. Since the weather was unpredictable at this time of the year, we decided it would be safer to hold the party inside the grill and bar building. In view of its limited capacity, we restricted the invitation list to former Presidents of the Club, Committee Chairmen, a group of our highly talented entertainers and, of course, the members of Prince Philip's party, plus a few other Bohemians.

With the able assistance of the Club's manager and staff, everything fell into place and the event was enjoyed by all. At luncheon Wally Sterling presided and Charlie Kendrick delivered the speech of welcome. However, the show was stolen by Prince Philip, who made a most amusing but salty speech in keeping with the traditions of Bohemia.

